

## Magic only exists (when I'm with you)

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## Magic only exists (when I'm with you)

by [Qekyo](#)

### Summary

Day 1: Black Tie/ Magic

George attends a party we doesn't want to be at.

Maybe by the end of it, when he meets a masked man with dangerous hands, and it gets a little better.

### Notes

OK SO

this is part of a collection of other shitty fics of mine for a discord prompt week.

The prompt is: BLACK TIE/MAGIC

And thus- this clusterfuck was born

and from the tags, I'm genuinely sorry for how I wrote sapnap in this one. I personally couldn't find out his character in time, so he's just sorta t h e re. Truly, sorry.

((I'm sorry this is bad))

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

To say that George is just simply annoyed is an understatement.

He's miserable, yes, standoffish wavering in the corner of an extravagant gala as couples in lavish silk dresses sway amongst him.

He is a better term to put it, uncomfortable.

It's stuffy, the suit, the tight-lipped smiles, the potent smell of floral perfume, and musky cologne. He feels suffocated in its lushness. Or maybe it's just the bow tie that's warped a bit too tightly for comfort.

He takes a hesitant sip from the golden goblet in his hands. Its weight is prominent, proving it's value. Decorated with dazzling rhinestones that reflected his image in each little one.

He takes a tentative sip. The saccharine liquid travels down his throat. It's all shameless really, a subtle way to show off the host's wealth and abundant power. He hopes the sickly sweet mead can drain out his bitterness in his bones.

Above him, levitating lanterns float around aimlessly, lighting the room in it's warm, ethereal glow. It makes the glitter in the women's dresses sparkle, depicting them as stars. Waltzing around the navy floor with all the intention to *shine* .

The more he stands there, the more he feels like an awkward sore thumb. In his newly bought robes just for the occasion and his iconic golden goblet.

It's all too high class and prim for George.

From the smell, sound, even the taste is all newly alien to him.

He never would have accepted the invitation to join, when the tawny screech owl perched itself on his window slit one day holding a letter in his beak, George wanted to throw it, and the bird out on sight.

Bad news, he thought,

and that in fact, it was.

*We humbly, the council of Stellea, personally invites you George Nolfund, to the 56th Andromeda Ball-*

He immediately burned the letter after.

He refused to believe it, even after the next week when they sent him another letter, even when they announced the attendees out loud in the main center. Even when he was being ushered into a carriage and carried off to the venue, he still couldn't wrap his head around the matter.

He would much rather prefer to be in his quaint, homey house. With the calming ambiance, serenity and tranquil. The scent of fresh ink paper on scratchy parchment. With the only company he needed being his tabby cat Luciel which he left behind. It's almost jarring how much the difference is, from the high ceiling to the and sparkling tiles. He is a stranger.

Even now, as he stands on these polished marble tiles, he can't ground himself onto them.

He doesn't belong here.

He's no one.

"Why am I even here?" He mutters slowly to himself, taking a meager sip from his cup. Watching the couples glide across the dance floor. It only bitterly reminded him of his solitude in the corner of the room. He sighed, "Why did I--"

“Because you were invited duh--”

“ *Shit!* Sapnap!”

George had whiplash from the speed he turned his head at. Dropping his cup.

Beside him, his long time confidant and brother-in-arms laughed, boisterous and roaring. Sapnap was clutching his stomach, doubling over with thunderous guffaws. George’s cheeks flamed, he smacked the other man’s arm angrily.

“That wasn’t funny!” He exclaimed, his cheeks still bright red.

“Oh, but it *was* ! You jumped like a cat!” He wheezed, small tears began to well in his eyes.

His companion was dressed in bright red robes, with swirling black accents. A beaming grin plastered on his face, George groaned. He still wore that stupid, white bandana on his forehead even to the most prestigious of galas in the country. If that wasn’t the most Sapnap thing to him then he didn’t know what else.

George grumbled, crossing his arms in distaste. He eyed his spilled drink on the floor, wasted. He glared at Sapnap in front of him, who bared an unapologetic smile in return.

“I hate you.”

“Oh, you most definitely don’t.” He said in an obnoxious sing-song tone.

George continued to mutter angrily at himself. Spitting quiet curses as he waved his hand in the air.

He inhales sharply, concentrating at the golden goblet on the floor. A small current of electricity runs through him, the current going straight to his fingertips. He feels the untapped power in him hum under his skin, buzzing and alive. He breathes out a sigh.

Slowly, from the spill on the ground evaporates, the dark magenta liquid turning into tendrils of

curling smoke that rose from the fallen goblet. Once it was all turned into smoke and air, he bent down and grasped at the overly bedazzled cup, examining it thoroughly for any signs of damage.

“You know you didn’t have to do that,” Sapnap stated crudely as he watched George perform an evaporation spell. “The maids would have cleaned it anyways.”

George shrugged, placing the glass down on the table beside him. Truly a waste. “It would have been a hassle.”

Sapnap scoffed, excitedly rolling his shoulders, rolling and jumping on the soles of his toes. He looked like some excited puppy dog whose owner just squeaked a chew toy. George rolled his eyes at it.

“Not everyone has the privilege of magic.” He states simply, clearly annoyed that he doesn’t have anything to fidget with anymore.

“Guess not, but that’s why you were invited right?”

George stared at him dumbfoundedly, “What?”

“Because you have strong magic! Why else would you attend the winner’s ball?” The younger man’s eyebrows raised, a delightful grin etching itself on his face. “My best friend, George Nolfound, an honorary legend.”

George’s blood runs cold. As he averts his gaze back onto the pristine marble tiles.

“I don’t see why you could say that.” He says, voice a whisper in the wind as it travels with the orchestral sound of the band in the far center of the ballroom. Easily drowned out and lost, like him.

“I’m no one here.”

And he truly is.

Amongst his invited peers, he is nothing more than a last-minute request, someone, they had to squeeze in for the sake of having a full roster.

Everyone in this room has something of notoriety. Decorated witches and sorcerers. Noble warriors and knights. Chivalrous bards and charming accompanists. The cream of the crop, the best to offer. They are the stars that fill the dance floor with their presence, they are the light that casts the shadow onto people like George. Leaving them only to sit in awe and bask in their shine.

It is the Andromeda Ball, the night for the stars.

Literally,

“Hey-- don’t say that dude.” Sapnap chides, George is honestly secretly impressed at how sharp his hearing is if he was able to sense the sheer vulnerability in his tone. “Your books are famous!”

“Famous is an overstatement,” George said blandly, his works are nothing in comparison compared to who stands in this very room. “You give me too much credit, Sapnap.”

His friend’s eyes furrow. “I’m giving you credit where credit is due. And that is you are famous.”

George cringes, he doesn’t like the term ‘famous’. He’s not entitled nor humble though, he’s more just-- timid, self-conscious on how people view him. Famous is the last thing he would ever use to describe the books he writes for his enjoyment.

They’re his comfort, his passion. He’s poured hours slumped in a chair, writing his heart out about the magic that ebbs the world. He was always fascinated by it, even at a young age, the world seemed bigger, brighter, and all much more incredible now.

George wishes he could go back and tell himself it’s not.

“Well accredited, yes. Famous? Big no.” He says with a shy chuckle.

Sapnap saw the sullen look in George's face and frowned, turning his head to watch the dancing crowd. George was silently glad that his friend was smart enough to understand boundaries and such. They fell into a content silence, listening to the string harps and brass instruments ring out through the spacious hall. Watching the hypnotizing trance of the ladies in shimmering balls gowns

"So, I heard Techno the king is coming back this year for the showcase."

George hummed absentmindedly, listening to his friend ramble. "He always comes back when he gets the chance, right?"

"Yeah! You should've seen his sword casting last time! Literally, the best part of the entire showcase, even though they say it's *not* a contest, everyone agrees that Techno won that year." Sapnap nods his head fervently, sighing wistfully at the memory.

Another reason why George has a personal vendetta against this entire thing.

"They say it's not a contest but the subtext *is* there." He grimaces, "You gather the best in the country and ask them to show a display as power as a 'performance'."

George curls his fingers and emphasizes on the word 'performance' in his statement with an unamused expression. Sapnap smirks.

"Of course they're going to make it a contest. The flashiest always wins, no? Give a man a diamond and watch him weigh its worth."

George knows that no one actually attends these so-called '*honorary galas*' for the party aspect of it. Sure the food is superb and the connection building of it all is great, but it's the showcase that steals the night. Participants get to show the rest who's *the* best. It's a ruthless, quiet, judgemental bloodbath that's always feeding on the awe factor.

Or so that's what he's been told.

It's actually his first time seeing all of it happen.

"Don't be so gloomy." Sapnap gibbed. "It's all in good sportsmanship. Sure your pride gets hurt and all, but hey! It's great to watch."

George stares at him blankly.

“Don’t look at me like that! You could take notes on their magic or something, put it in your books.”

George hums, considering the thought. Seizing the opportunity to record and observe the strongest magic users in the country? Seems like too good of a deal really.

“I suppose it would be good to add in my latest manuscript.” George hesitated. “Depends on who’s contesting.”

Sapnap begins to bounce his leg, a beaming grin shines on his face. “I read the rooster--well the attendees’ list, really.”

“There’s Techno of course from main central, heard he’s bringing his apprentice Tommy tonight. Then the easterners if I remember were Wilbur Soot, Fundy, Tubbo too! And they also sent letters to the west! So we might see Eret and--”

George begins to zone out, his friends rambling becoming a good substitute for white noise as he offhandedly stares back into the sea of people ahead. He can tell some faces apart, few that Sapnap was listing down.

The air in the room now feels a lot more tolerable that he’s got a piece of home with him.

He’s content with it, skimming the mass of people and memorizing their features. He saw a few of them doing magic. Waving their hands animatedly as goblets of mead traveled through the air. Candles floating above always would be relit as quickly as they can blow up. In a way, it was just *magical* .

He felt like that little kid again.

Even if the entire event is grandiose and posh, it is right now a mind field of magic. He can’t help but appreciate the way his skin buzzes ever so slightly, he has this connection to the room.



He watches for a while, aimlessly tapping his foot on the ground as they both wait for the main event. That is until someone walks through the doors.

George doesn't notice him at first, he's spacing out when he hears the gasp on multiple people echo through the ballroom, then followed by utter silence.

George glances to the commotion, a crowd has gathered by the doors. George can barely see what the main point of interest is when they're all clamoring forward to take a look. He averts his gaze back to Sapnap, who unlike him, is taking great interest in the commotion.

"Did someone arrive?" He asks, standing on the tips of his toes to glance above the crowd.

"I think it's probably Technoblade and his apprentice," George replies, fiddling with his cufflinks.

"Hm, doesn't seem like it. Tommy would most likely be screaming by now."

The guests murmur. Their whispers traveling through the air and onto the ears onto George's unsuspecting ears. He inclines his head to the side, hoping to hear what the wind chatters better.

*"It's him! He's actually here-"*

*"I never thought he'd come-"*

*"He's coming closer, quick!"*

George frowns, his questions still go unanswered. He turns back to Sapnap, who has been slowly stepping forward with the rest.

"Who is it?-"

"Shh! He's coming over towards us!" Sapnap yells abruptly, sprinting over towards George and

clamping his mouth shut with his hand.

“Sap--what--” His words are muffled as he tries to speak out against Sapnap’s firm hand. He attempts to wiggle out of his hold, but Sapnap’s hand clamps itself even tighter on his face.

“Geroge, he’s heading this way *sshh!* ”

George stops struggling when he sees him.

The crowd parts like the red sea, clearing a straight path as a man dressed only in black pants and a tucked green button-up shirt makes his way through.

It was like one of those old-timey romcom esque movies. Where George would see a handsome man, with tousled ash blonde hair and fine fitting clothes walk past him, romantic music would play he would instantly fall deeply smitten.

He wishes that they were those old-timey movies, he wishes that the man in the green button-up walked past him instead of slowly walking right *towards* him. He wishes he would fall deeply smitten,

but that wasn’t the case since all George could feel right now was *fear* .

George’s body froze, resisting against the pressure Sapnap put on his face no more. His blood ran cold when he saw it.

An infamous white mask with a crudely drawn smiley face on it.

“Why is he here?” Sapnap hisses, his hand still firm on George’s face. “Shit! Why is he getting closer--”

George, fed up with being forcefully silenced by Sapnap, promptly decided to lick a long stripe of saliva on his hand.

The younger man shrieks, loudly and frightful as he instantly drops his hand and begins fervently wiping it on his robes. His expression contorted into one of disgust, looking at George in complete and utter shock.

“ *Ew!* George why would you? -”

“That’s Dream.”

Dream.

That’s a name he really wasn’t expecting.

“Yeah! No shit! And he’s coming *here*. ”

Dream, the infamous warlock who never seemed to stay in one place.

Rumored to be incredibly powerful. He could perform such magic that people have never seen before. Magic strong enough that he could split valleys in half, carve craters from the earth, and brew thunderous storms with simply the flick of his wrist. A force to be reckoned with.

Always arriving in perilous people in need. Even if that’s saving citizens from a burning building or being the tipping point in a war. He is an enigma that always leaves as quickly as he came. A harbinger of bad omens.

Rumors vary from telling, people who have lived to see him say he’s a monster. Those who were saved say he was an angel sent by divine intervention himself. Some say he isn’t even real. But if there’s one thing for certain that never changes, it’s the iconic, white mask with a smiley face drawn on.

Dream, the warlock, legend, and myth.

And he was coming right to George and Sapnap.

George's nerves felt like they were on fire, his heart beating loudly in his chest.

He walked in slow, paced steps. George couldn't even tell if he was staring right at him or not, the round white mask hid his expression so well that even his body language seemed indecipherable. George sidestepped, choosing to hide himself behind Sapnap's taller frame. Hoping that he would just disappear.

"George, I don't know that you're stupid sometimes and piss off the wrong people, but I didn't know you could fuck up *this* bad." Sapnap hisses, letting George cower behind him.

"I didn't do anything!" He hisses right back.

"Then why is he coming here?!"

"I don't know! Maybe it's for you--"

"It's not! I'm not as stupid as you--"

"Shut up!"

"You shut up!-"

There's a sudden cough in front of them that makes both Sapnap and George turn their heads around at lightning speed. In front of them stands Dream, tall and billowy as he looks down at Sapnap and George, who looked to be about ready to strangle each other.

There's this lingering, awkward pause between the three of them. With Sapnap and George glancing nervously at each other and Dream, towering above with his unnerving docile smile.

Sapnap clears his throat first and George is eternally grateful.

"So uh, what do you need?"

George is silently dying inside when Sapnap says that. He watches Dream's figure for any sign of anger or resentment.

Instead he simply just stands there and points a hand outwards.

"You're covering the snack table."

*oh,*

Before he can open his mouth and respond. Sapnap hastily gets up, spares George an apologetic look, then sprints off to the distance.

*Oh.*

His brain cannot function all this information onto George at the moment. He can't think, his mind is a literal clusterfuck, a culmination of jumbled thoughts and half coherent sentences. Sapnap just ditched him, he's now technically alone in this ginormous ballroom with the infamous Dream at a snack table.

What a day huh?

George doesn't know where to go really, he could enter the dancefloor, and get swept up by the sea of stars. He could also find Sapnap and beat him over the head for leaving him. Or lastly, he could just stay here with Dream.

Somehow, the last option doesn't seem all too bad.

He shuffles to the other end of the snack table, making sure that he and the warlock have at least two feet separating them. He grabs another goblet filled with the same magenta like mead and downs it all in one go. The syrupy liquid goes down his throat harshly, burning the back of his esophagus.

He begins to cough frantically. Throat on fire, he hits at his chest, hoping to relieve some of the pain.

“Hey, are you alright?”

Over from the other side of the table, Dream glances at him.

George snaps his head to the side.

In Dream’s hand is a goblet similar to his. He lifts it to his mouth, his mask is put on the side off his face to make way for the goblet. Exposing at least half of it,

George chokes again.

Dream has green eyes, intimidating, sharp, green eyes.

Dream had the most conventionally attractive eyes.

“Yeah, I’m fine.” He rasped, even though that couldn’t be further than the truth.

He was definitely, far from fine.

Dream’s eyes burn into his, he looks up and down at his body before turning back his gaze. He gives what could be considered the faintest of smiles.

“I feel like I’ve seen you before.”

George raised his eyebrows, his mind going haywire.

Dream knew him.

“Yeah?” He croaked, he hoped and prayed to any god that existed to spare him of their mercy. Dream stared at him quizzically. George sighed, glad for the distance that separated them.

Until Dream decided to close the gap.

He did it in only three strides. His pace was quick and calculated, and in what seemed like a blink of an eye- Dream was now in front of him. Their height differences now clearly evident as Dream towered over him menacingly.

George gulped, his eyes avoiding to meet Dream’s gaze. He tried to hide his palpable fear, but unfortunately, it made it all the more obvious.

“What’s your name?” He whispered. George would’ve probably hadn’t heard if it wasn’t for their close proximity.

“G-George Nolfound.” He stuttered. Dream’s eyes widened.

“*The* George Nolfound?” He inquired in disbelief.

George’s eyes widened to the size of dinner plates as he looked at Dream dumbfoundedly.

“Yes?”

The shocked expression on Dream’s face quickly morphed into awe. His eyes captivating green eyes gleamed with delight.

“You wrote *Secrets to Forbidden Magic!*” He exclaimed happily, suddenly, the facade of a Warlock-who-could-kill-him-in-a-second persona faded away. “I loved that book!”

*What?*

George had to ground himself to reality for a minute. Tell himself that yes, the infamous Dream, legend, and mystery himself. Was a fan of his books.

He stood there speechless, reasonably so. How could he respond to such a statement? Sure he had a couple of fan encounters every once and a while but this-- Dream was not just any fan. He was not just anyone either.

He was this person in front of him, is literally bouncing up and down like a little kid on Christmas day. A smile so bright on his face that George would have mistaken it for an actual star. He looked nothing like the stories told him to be, cold, merciless, and vile.

Instead, he rambled about George's books and how he read them whenever he traveled. How his first copy was so well-loved, that the spine was worn and breaking.

"My mom gave me your very first volume when I was still learning." Dream says wistfully, "I hated books before, really, they could never get me to sit down and read in school."

George watched in avid interest, hanging onto every single word he said like it was gospel.

"--But when she gave me your first volume of *How the Willow Tree weeps* , I couldn't put it down."

George's eyes widened at the mention of the name.

"Willow Tree Weeps? That's like-- my first publication! It's basically *ancient* ! "

Dream chuckles, light, and airy. "Honestly if I were to choose a favorite, it would have to be *A Guide to Salem*, but that's just a personal preference."

"That was just a short novella, it's the first time I've heard someone say it's their favorite" George says in a small voice. He's slowly withering away with each word that escapes the green-eyed man's mouth.

Dream smiles sheepishly, raising his hand to scratch the back of his neck as he says: "I don't really have a favorite in mind. I own your entire collection."



George's world falls flat when he hears that, the only thing he can manage to say is

“What?”

Dream laughs, cheeks flushed dusty pink in embarrassment. George can make out the small, pale freckles that litter his face like stardust- he offhandedly thinks that if he traced them, he would make new constellations.

“I guess you could say I'm a fan.”

Dream.

George is in such disbelief, he couldn't even stop the unconscious smile from crawling on his face. Why was he smiling? Maybe it was from the other man's kind words, or it was some sick way of trying to stop himself from going into denial. Either way, a lopsided grin plastered itself, clear as day, on his face.

Dream was a fan of his writing.

He then proceeded to laugh.

“Wh-why are you laughing?” Dream asked hesitantly, the dusty pink blush on his face now just full-blown scarlet. George would've expected the warlock to skewer him in anger, for even daring to laugh in his presence. Stead he just looked like someone had revealed his deepest, darkest secret. “Stop laughing!”

“That's so c-cute,” George managed between hiccups of laughter. “You own my collection!”

Dream stammers, trying to find the words to retort George's laughter.

He could just listen to it forever if he could.

Once George's laughs die down to just giggles, he looks back up to Dream's red flushed face and

smiles.

“Sorry,” He straightens his back, patting the front pockets of his suit for any wrinkles. “I find it incredibly endearing that *Dream* would be reading works by the likes of me.”

He doesn’t know where he got all the brash confidence from. It just feels easier to talk to Dream than any other stranger in the room for some reason.

Dream huffs, picking up another gem-encrusted goblet from the table and offering it to George. “My mother used to read them to me, maybe that’s why I hold them so dear.”

George gratefully takes the cup from his hands, “So it’s the nostalgia that factors into your favoritism?”

Dream hums into his cup, “Somewhat, they make me feel like she’s still here. Like a part of her magic still stays with me.”

George dares to glance over his shoulder to the man beside him, they’re only a couple of inches away now. He has this solemn, contemplating look on his face as he swirls the liquid in his cup lazily.

“It feels like there’s still good magic out in the world.”

In some way, George can relate to him.

“I’m glad.”

In this world of wars and disagreements, magic is used as a reason for the crimes people commit. It takes lives, ruins them, plagues them. It’s depressing really, giving manpower only for them to exploit it for their benefit. It’s instinctual by this point.

George wrote stories for those who lost hope, to be the memoirs of all good in magic. He wrote them based on what he saw. To the witches who performed tricks to kids on the streets. To the healers who closed open wounds in makeshift hospitals. To the children who want to believe in the world, they could make sweets pop out of thin air. He wrote to keep people believing.

He wrote them to let people see that no matter how many winters may come, spring always follows.

And if he can at least have one person feel that,

He turns his head to the side, Dream turns back at the same time. They both manage to give each other small smiles.

*That's enough.*

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“Tell me a fact about yourself.”

“A fact?”

“Something that most people don't know even.”

George hums thoughtfully,

“I'm actually colorblind, but I use a temporary eye adjustment spell to help my impaired vision.”

“So you can't see color?”

“I can't see green and reds, yes.”

“So what am I wearing then?”

“Right now? Green, without the spell? Piss yellow.”

Dream wheezes, it almost sounds like a tea kettle to the shorter male. George then proceeds to start complaining to Dream about Sapnap by the snack bar, he's probably somewhere on his sixth glass of the sweet magenta drink when they start talking about their specific reasons for attending

"He forced me to come here even when I didn't want to-- even returned the invitation letter with my name under it. Can you believe that? If he's gonna force me to come with him, he might as well have stayed with me."

Dream laughs, sipping on his drink as he patiently listens to George rant about his brother-in-arms.

"So," George pauses, taking another gulp. "I gave my reason, what's yours?"

Dream pauses, turning to George confused, he asks. "What?"

"What's your reason for coming? I'm sure this is your first time as well?"

Dream chuckles softly, "Ah I see, it's nothing extravagant really. I got a letter from Techno."

George almost chokes on his drink. He turns back to Dream while sputtering,

"Techno? As in the king? He invited you?"

Dream waves his hand dismissively. "Yeah, went on this wild search to track me down and everything. One day he showed up on the doorstep of the camp I set up and threw the letter at me. Honestly, I admire the dedication."

George gives Dream a befuddled look, "I think he was trying to challenge you."

"Why would he? This is an honorary gala."

George sighs, "Well not entirely, they have this performance act coming soon, it's like a showoff

contest. Maybe he wanted to challenge you, you are rumored to be the strongest against him.”

Dream gives George a coy smile, accentuating the freckles on his face. “Aw, complimenting me Georgie?”

George’s face heats up. He can’t tell if either he’s blushing from the fact that Dream just called him ‘*Georgie*’ or the fact that he fucking *grinned* seductively while saying it.

George laughs weakly, trying to solve his rising dilemma. “Ha, you wished.”

Dream flashes him a knowing grin, “I do.”

Before George can even process what he meant. A loud, deafening trumpet plays throughout the hall. Followed by the clang of gongs and drums. Everyone’s gaze turned to the rising pillar in the center of the room, slowly shifting and morphing into a floating platform above their heads.

George watched in awe as the man on the top of the pillar flicked his wrist, causing the rising of the platform to stop, leaving it suspended in the air.

That was magic.

“Welcome everyone! To the 56th Annual Andromeda Ball! Are you ready for the showcase?” The emcee cries out to the crowd, to which claps and howls in applause. “I’m Jschlatt and I will be hosting us tonight.”

George joins them, politely clapping his hands together with the rest of the attendees. Even though this was a formal event, Jschlatt had made it sound like some sort of boxing match.

“We’ve got a lot of familiar faces with us tonight! I see Wilbur from the Eastern isles over there!”

The Jschlatt points over to the distance, almost half of the audience follows his gaze. A tall man, dressed fittingly in red and white waved politely. Flashing a charming smile into the crowd, which made multiple women on the floor swoon.

“I can also make out-- is that, the one, the only, *Technoblade!* ”

George can see him clear as day, soft pink hair, long red cape, confident poise. It screamed regality and oozed power. Techno waved his hand in a slight wave, and the audience went ballistic, screaming and calling out his name.

“Well-liked I see,” Dream whispers to George. “Shame he looks like a pig.”

The shorter man tried to stifle the laugh that attempted to escape his lips but ultimately failed short. He giggled loudly, attracting the attention of those near them.

“We also have another- spontaneous contender tonight folks.” He pauses for dramatic effect. Jschlatt then looks over to where George stands and panicking for a bit he tries to hide where his gaze can’t find him.

“Let’s give it up for the infamous warlock, Dream!”

The crowd’s reaction is mixed, one of shock, confusion, and hype. They stand stagnant for a bit, silent. Until one clap rings out through the hall, then another, then one more.

Until almost the entire room is whooping and hollering in applause.

George glances to Dream beside him, mask firmly in place, the crudely drawn smiley giving him an ominous aura. He turns back to George, and for some reason, he has this feeling that he’s smiling under the mask.

“Cheer for me, ok?” Dream whispered near his ear, before disappearing into the crowd.

George stood there, holding the same glass of saccharin liquid in the gaudy golden cup, but this time he didn’t feel annoyed.

He didn’t know what he was feeling.

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“That was an absolutely amazing performance, Sir Wilbur! Who knew you could create literal light from music?” Schlatt joked, tossing his hat into the ring. “Now, our next runner up, the one you’ve been waiting for.”

The crowd waits in baited anticipation, you could hear the drop of a pin in the middle of the room reverberate throughout.

“Techno, enter the stage will you?”

The crowd roared; their anticipation filling the room whole. George stood awkwardly under the floating platform, his eyes wandering the room in hopes of finding Dream, honestly, how could he lose someone in a crowd like that? Surely the white smiley face mask was enough to drive the attention of someone.

So he waited,

And soon he found someone else.

“George!” Sapnap called, waving his hand animatedly from the other side of the platform. George’s eyes widened, then immediately glared at him.

“Oh, it’s you.” He said sardonically.

“Hey!” He yelled from the other side, sprinting over to where George stood. He crossed his arms, hoping to show the other man that he clearly wasn’t in the mood to talk.

But even so, Sapnap prodded “George~”

He huffed, crossing his arms tighter.

Sapnap frowned this time, “George, I’m sorry.”

“You ditched me.” George hissed, his tone bitter and harsh. “You left me to fend for myself.”

Sapnap’s face whitened, “He didn’t try anything, did he?” He asked, suddenly angry.

George’s angered expression fell. The adamant concern in Sapnap’s voice was enough to tell him that he was sincerely apologetic about his actions. He sighed, letting his arms fall limp to his sides.

“No, no he didn’t do anything.” He stated firmly.

“He was actually really nice.” He spoke again, this time softer.

Sapnap’s eyebrows rose, “He was, *nice* ?”

George nodded, brushing off the disbelief and incredulity in his friend’s voice. “He was polite and a great conversationalist.”

“A *conversationalist* ?” he gaped.

George smiled, “He was also a fan of my books.”

“He’s a *fan*-- ”

His friend’s sentence was cut off abruptly by the thunderous applause of the audience. Both George and Sapnap looked upwards to the floating platform. There stood Techno, chin high, crown mighty on his head. He looked down at the audience and gave a courteous smile. Women around them swoon, cooing, and squealing as the King with pink hair smiled.



“Show us the best you got, Techno!” Schlatt cheered jovially, side-stepping to share the center of the platform with the other man.

“Show them who’s boss, Big man!” A small, blonde boy yelled loudly from the bottom of the stage. George was quick to assume it was Tommy, based on Sapnap’s former ramblings. Techno peered over the side and gave a quick thumbs up to the younger boy.

“Alright, this is probably my best so far.” He chuckled lightly, raising his open palms outwards. “Keep your eyes opened.”

George watched, noting every single detail so he could jot it all down on paper later. He watched as the muscles on the man’s back moved, how he took a deep breath before exhaling a deep blow of steam.

From his open palms, azure flames sprouted.

The crowd awed. The powerful display of control Techno kept keeping the flames bustling and alive, as the size of the platform itself. Not even breaking a sweat, he grinned playfully as he began to wave the fire around with both hands.

Slowly, the cerulean flames shifted into a light lavender, then a hot pink, to deep scarlet.

They broke off in tendrils, swirling and circling, the ceiling above. Like splashes of paint, decorating the room in its colorful glow. The flames from Techno’s hands curled and licked around him, forming little embers to arise from the air. Sparks of a flame ebbing to life.

They lit up the room, making it look as if they were inside a kaleidoscope. Shifting and flowing into lines and bursts of gas. They were magnificent, beautiful, and *alive*.

George was enthralled. This was magic.

The flames soon died down, reducing themselves to simply a flicker in Techno’s open palm. He stared at it with a soft smile, before slowly putting it out with his other hand. Smoke curled out from the cracks, in warm, pastel colors.

The room blasted with applause, cheers and whoops echoed through the room. They began to chant his name, in happy voices they sang songs of praise and admiration for him.

Before Dream even took the stage, George knew that Techno had won.

He had the love of the audience and was already a household name to begin with. George bit his nails in worry, Dream didn't have a chance.

"What another spectacular performance by the King! He never disappoints, does he?" Schlatt yelled. The audience roared back with him.

"Now, I know *this* is what we've all been secretly waiting for. Let's hear it, for the infamous, traveling Warlock, Dream!"

George didn't care how hard the audience screamed, he was all too fixated on the dark figure that loomed over them by the platform. His mask smiling sinisterly.

He didn't say anything like Techno, he simply just stood there. Like a dark and foreboding pillar. The crowd was silent again, waiting to see what spectacular show he would provide for them. And really, so did George.

"Alright Dream, show us what you got!" Schlatt said encouragingly. Beckoning him forward.

Dream's head slowly turned, glazing over the mass of people. As if he was trying to pick out people in the crowd to intimidate. George stood his ground, he knew who Dream was and what he was like under the mask. With green eyes and tousled blonde hair, with a laugh like a tea kettle and a smile brighter than stars. The mask is nothing more than a placeholder for the real thing.

George wasn't scared of Dream.

"What's he doing?" Sapnap whispered loudly to George.

George shook his head, “I’m not sure either.”

There was a silent gasp shared by everyone in the room. They all watched his actions with hawk-like eyes.

He stomped his foot, and hell broke out.

The lanterns and chandelier above went out. Immediately darkening the room.

The people around him gasped as they saw dark, shadowy figures rise from the ground up to the ceiling. Black, willowy, and ghoulish as they peeled themselves off the walls like stickers and began floating around the room.

The ground beneath his foot was noticeably cracked, and pointy thorns began to rise from its crevices. Limping and curling downwards onto the ground beneath them. Along with it were dark oak branches that slowly started to crawl outwards with ivy and moss decorating it. Like tentacles from the depths of the sea, it reached out- grabbing anyone or anything it could.

It was like something from a nightmare.

The crowd began to scream, as they tried to outrun the crawling pieces of dangerous greenery on the floor. Sapnap did as well. Grabbing onto George’s arm as he started to run away.

George resisted, however, seeing as if Dream wasn’t the type of person to *hurt* them.

“George! What are you doing?!” Sapnap yelled George could barely even hear then from the screams of the people around them.

“I’m staying.” He said firmly, pulling his arm away from Sapnap’s grasp,

He looked at him as if he were a mad man. “George! Are you fucking crazy-”

“You haven’t talked to him Sap. You don’t know who he is.” George tried desperately to explain.

“He wouldn’t hurt us.”

He thought back to the way Dream talked about his books, how his eyes were filled with childish wonder and glee. How he talked about his mother, and the magic she had. How he was kind, and laughed at George’s bad jokes and made corny flirts. How he smiled at George before going onto the platform. Dream wasn’t someone who the rumors told him to be. George knew that he was trusting a stranger rather than his best friend, and he was a fool to be doing so. But something about Dream makes George a reckless man.

Dream is not cold, merciless, and vile. He’s an avid book reader with the laugh of a tea kettle.

And George was willing to put his life on it.

“I trust him.”

Sapnap looked like he was about to burst, opening his mouth to shout before-

The vines and branches disappeared, and the candles relit themselves. The ballroom instantly turning back to normal.

George snapped his head back at Dream, who stood there stiffly, his hands waving away any last remnant of magic.

“Illusions.” Was all he said.

George felt the relief soak in him like cold water on a hot day. He practically melted as he sighed, his kneecaps barely supporting the weight of his body. He looked up to Dream on the platform, who was already looking back at George.

He turned to him, and with the tip of his finger he drew out in pure white light.

*Will you go on a date with me? Saturday at main central*

George stood still, holding his breath. Dream looked over to him, before quickly erasing the writing before anyone else could see.

*What?*

“I-- *holy shit* -- uh, thank you Dream! For your- *unique* performance!” Schlatt stuttered, rising, from the platform again after he jumped off to run away from the illusion. “That was one of the most intricate, most expressive illusionary spells I’ve seen up to date.” He said breathlessly.

There's an awkward agreement that ripples through the crowd.

Dream only nods, almost mechanically before he turns to step off the platform.

George is the one to first clap, his single applause echoes through the silent ballroom like a shockwave. He doesn't care if it was absolutely terrifying or not- it was a display of powerful magic. That's what the showcase was about anyways, presenting, even if it was an extremely vivid illusion spell.

So George clapped, even if he was the only person to do so.

Beside him, another pair of hands joined him. Sapnap grinned playfully as he stood by George in his solo applause.

Somewhere in the distance, Technoblade did similarly. Politely smacking his hands together in a show of sportsmanship to his fellow competitor. And soon after he started, everyone else did.

You couldn't read the expression on Dream's face by that mask, but something told George that he was most likely smiling.

He was smiling at George until he walked off the platform and disappeared into the crowd.

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George has always been fascinated.

Fascinated by how the sky is blue even though the water is clear. Fascinated by how writing can invoke such a deep, heart to heart feeling with someone. Fascinated by magic, how it currents through his body like electricity and sparks a fire wherever he desires. George has always been fascinated to find the answer to things he couldn't explain.

So when he's fascinated by Dream,

Naturally, he runs after him.

He knows the moment he pushes past the doors of the ballroom and onto the outside area, that this choice was one that would change him. He knows it when he's looking around the front garden, eyes searching and a heart yearning for something he can't find just yet. He knows that this decision was the right one.

There's something about Dream that makes George a reckless man.

He sees him, out by the roads for the carriages. His mask is completely off now.

George stands there for a moment, even as an esteemed author with an entire dictionary's worth of vocabulary burned into the back of his mind. He's still having trouble trying to find the right words to say to Dream.

"I know you're there."

George freezes, he slowly glances up.

Dream has his arms crossed as he stands in front of him. Looking vaguely unimpressed at George, who fiddles and prods at his cufflinks to avoid making eye contact with the blonde man. Dream's gaze turns crestfallen and sullen.

"I'm sorry if I scared you." He mutters, shoving both of his hands into the pockets of his slacks. "I really didn't mean too, illusionary was just the first thing that came to mind."

"And what about the imagery then?" George coaxes, feeling a rise in confidence.

"Hm, it was something you described from one of your books, Weeping Willow I think?" He hums, placing a contemplative finger on his lips.

George scoffs, "You mean *that* scene? That was like seven years ago!"

"Made an impact I guess."

The shorter man chuckles, "You're so stupid."

Dream joins him in a string of light and airy chuckles, there's no one there to hear them yet they sound so shy and private. As if this moment were glass, and if they spoke too loud, it would shatter.

"I think you should've been the real winner." George whispers. Dream looks back at him, content.

"I don't need to be the winner. I already have the best prize of the night anyways."

George has always been fascinated. Right now he's intrigued by the way Dream's eyes look tenderly at him, how they shine like emeralds in the hazy glow of the moonlight. How his cheeks were littered with freckles, dotting, and mapping themselves across his face. How his smile was brighter than any star in the sky.

He inhales deeply, summoning the power in his core. It runs like electricity through his body, a current that travels to his fingertips. He exhales, bringing his slightly glowing finger to the air and writing in bright white light:

*Sure, but you're paying*

The grin on Dream's face was so wide and large, that it wasn't even a star by this point-- he was the *moon*. Gleaming so beautifully over them as George smiled back. There's this thought in the back of his head, saying that he's glad he attended now.

Maybe they are in that old-timey romcom esque, where he would be standing in a moonlit garden by the front of the ball. Staring into the dazzling viridian eyes of the man of his dreams, and he would instantly fall deeply smitten.

Only this time he was accepting that it was,

“You can tell me all about your collection while we're at it.”

Dream wheezes, “If that's what you want, but be warned. I don't stop talking.”

George is fascinated by him, utterly enamored.

From his eyes to his smile, to the way he laughs,

That was magic.



gAHHH wHAT THE FUCK WAS THATTTT

- special thanks to my editor jc, who told me to just fucking post this already and stop whining, thank u dude.
- the other prompts will be posted sporadically and on weird times so uhh, watch out for that
- they def move into george's little cottage
- dream says George is a trophy bf fight me
- overprotective dream yall
- whos knows, will I make a series? will this be a oneshot?? who knows not me that's for sure.
- u can check out meridies' version of the prompt week, the updates frequently and is genuinely a better writer (hi meri ily)
- dsd;sdvh thanks for reading the notes.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!